

LONDON'S TRANSIT WAYS

TREMENDOUS REVOLUTION THAT MR. YERKES WILL BRING ABOUT.

Why the Great Metropolis Has Got Along with Its Omnibuses and Cabs—The "Tuppenny Tube."

London Letter in New York Mail and Express.

London is apparently so grateful to Mr. Yerkes for the rapid transit facilities which he has at last succeeded in assuring it that it has almost forgotten to be ashamed that it should have been left to the brains and imagination of an American to advance its local transportation problem thus far on the way toward mastery. It has abundant reasons for gratitude and abundant reasons for shame.

There is something to be said in behalf of London. The germ of the city's defense is to be found in the statement of Sir Christopher Furness. "New York," he declared, "is little better off than London." That is true enough. The indictment is that of the comparative difficulty of the transit problems of the two cities, New York ought to be a dozen times worse off than London.

Local travel in London is in many ways pleasanter than in New York. Because the city is paved with wood blocks, instead of Belgian blocks or asphalt, there is no nerve-racking din. Because it is not hemmed in by wide tidal rivers, traffic branches out in all directions; there is no jam of crowded multitudes hurrying southward mornings and northward evenings. Practically every traveler gets a seat here.

The omnibuses may be antiquated and slow-paced, but they give their customers a cheap alfresco ride on their roofs, where one may smoke his pipe and enjoy the street sights. Their conductors may forget their aspirates, but they do not forget their manners; they are veritable Cockney gentlemen.

Residential and business neighborhoods are so closely associated that the great majority of London's six millions are within walking distance of the comparative comfort and quiet of the streets tempt uncounted thousands to walk to work, to visit, to their offices as a matter of exercise, where they would invariably ride if they were in New York. Then it is seldom so cold in winter as to drive passengers from the bus to its interior, and seldom are the frequent rains of so wretched a character as to dislodge them from its roof.

If one is not in a hurry—and somehow in London one is not in a hurry—he can actually enjoy omnibus transit. If he is in a hurry and his destination is not far from the "tuppenny tube," he can get to it quickly and pleasantly by that means.

Or he can hail a cab and for a quarter of a dollar can be whisked to his rendezvous with the consciousness that the same ride would have cost him \$1 to \$2 in New York. There are about 30,000 hackney cabs in London, and every year, according to Mr. W. Benn, of the London County Council, they carry the extraordinary number of 70,000,000 passengers.

PASSENGERS LAST YEAR.

According to the same authority, the total number of passengers last year in London was about 1,275,000,000, divided as follows: By omnibuses, 500,000,000; by tramways, 200,000,000; by railways, 400,000,000; by cabs, 70,000,000; and by river steamers, 3,500,000. The totals are vast and in part the service they represent is comfortable. What is to be said against London transportation is that it is antiquated and slow beyond belief and particularly that it utterly lacks organization. Late at night it goes out of business altogether.

It has been said of London that it is of all cities the most nearly inorganic. This is chiefly because it has no interpenetrating local transit system. Picaresquely, the true center of the metropolis, is accessible only by omnibus. It takes longer to cross the city than it does to travel from London to Birmingham. Whatever lines of communication there are by steam or electricity run east and west rather than north and south.

At midnight even the present tedious and devious means of communication cease to operate. The "tuppenny tube," the electric "tube," the steam Metropolitan and District railways, and the buses cease to run. Save in South London, where the County Council owns and operates its own tram system, the belated Londoner is compelled to walk to his destination. Between midnight and dawn of each day London ceases to be a city. It becomes an aggregation of mutually hostile towns. In effect the stroke of twelve is a curfew bell which warns strangers to get indoors.

It was only two years ago when the first electric street railroad, or "tramway," was put down in London. There are several in operation now, but they are all in the suburbs and they are of no more direct use to the congested heart of the metropolis than the "Hickory" tramway, which came down to the Harlem, would be, if there was no electric connection thence southward.

The omnibuses are doubtless less disfiguring and dangerous than a street railway would be, but they are nearly as inefficient as an hour, they are nearly all unventilated and they are lumbering and hideous of design. Grated to the metropolis than the "Hickory" tramway, which came down to the Harlem, would be, if there was no electric connection thence southward.

The Central London Railway, called the "tuppenny tube" because of its fare, is a complete abomination on the part of the metropolis. It is a single straight line, open to the east and west traffic. But it has opened the eyes of Londoners, and in particular has cut so deeply into the profits of the two steam underground roads, the Metropolitan and the District, as to have prompted the enterprise of Mr. Yerkes. The "tube" was opened for two years ago. Last year it carried 41,000,000 passengers.

UNDERGROUND STEAM ROADS.

The only thing to be said in favor of the District Railway is that Mr. Yerkes got into it. With its associate, the Metropolitan, it was opened three years ago, and since then until the appearance of the American financier both these underground systems have been committing slow suicide. The District has not declared a dividend in twenty years. In the last six months its receipts were \$60,000 less than the bedrock figures of the preceding period. In the same interval the Metropolitan lost a like amount.

Nobody ever rides on either of these two railroads unless he has to. The trains run at intervals of from ten to twenty minutes. The traveler is frequently compelled to alight and wait for another train. There are no guards to tell him where to get on or where to get off, or to announce the stations. The subterranean plan is so thick that it is almost impossible to read the names of stations on the signboards.

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their prevailing gray atmosphere, their silence and hopelessness and the subtle suggestion of sulphur in the air give them an infernal quality which has been remarked. The District Railway is the only one of the electric, but the Metropolitan, with its capital of \$5,000,000, there is little left but a right of way. "Two streaks of rust," a few Indian ruins, there seem to be galleries of almost everything else except a few rare Indian ruins. There seem to be galleries of almost everything else except a few rare Indian ruins. There seem to be galleries of almost everything else except a few rare Indian ruins.

London's transportation problem needed a man. It found him in Mr. Yerkes. He got control of the limp and moribund District Railroad and in six months he has evolved a system, secured the promise of \$75,000,000 and acquired two deep level tubes, already built and four radiating spokes which will connect all the great railroad stations.

This plan is said to be for a spider web system of the sort he created in Chicago, and a while ago his engineer announced that there would be three concentric circles to it. If that is correct there will soon be further steps. One of them may perhaps be an amalgamation with the local tunnel routes controlled by Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The English say the usual method of American capital is to amalgamate rather than to fight.

Mr. Yerkes will get no bust in Westminster Abbey; but he is building himself a monument outside.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

He is Less Warlike Than His Father, but is Popular.

Berlin Letter in Brooklyn Eagle.

As the first "civil and peace lord" of Europe upon whom rests the terrific responsibility of maintaining the political equilibrium between the continental powers, Kaiser William spends many restless days and nights. Although there are no battles in sight and the Kladderadatsch and socialist convulsions seem afar off, grave responsibilities rest upon the successor of the Kaiser. The handsome, lithe, young Crown Prince Frederick William, who is destined to become the Kaiser of the German empire, unless some unexpected frank of fate intervenes, has just celebrated his twentieth birthday. He made his maiden speech the other day at the opening of the big Dusseldorf industrial and art exposition. Surrounded by eminent men and a large audience, the young crown prince stepped toward the front of the platform and in a clear, unwavering voice read his speech. As a maiden effort for serious political purposes, or literary ambition, the speech has been published far and near and is being read in every household and wayside dorp as the maiden speech of "Unser Kronprinz," as he is affectionately called.

There is not the slightest suggestion of a great military or war lord about the young crown prince. There is something about his shyness and his modest manners. Like all other lithe, lithe and tall boys of the royal family, he is a lover of the horse, a swimmer, a skater, a tennis player, a pianist, indulges in college pranks and is extremely fond of dancing. This, in brief, conveys a description of the German crown prince. I saw the crown prince a few days ago, riding along with his royal father in the Tiergarten. The two were well in advance of the suite, in which also rode the crown prince's younger brother, Prince Wilhelm, a cheerful, happy-looking lad, who makes a good soldierly presence, despite his youth.

The Kaiser and the crown prince were chatting and smiling each other just as fond father and an obedient, well-behaved son should. And yet there was a suggestion of paternal pride in the way the Kaiser looked down from his fine white Hungarian charger to address the modest looking lad who rode beside him, who may be called on sooner or later to wear the crown with its thorns and its honors.

His majesty at a casino ball to see the crown prince in the midst of officers. He strode through the ranks like one who would easily be shaken from his seat. He raised his glass and his voice in a clear, ringing shout. The three "hohenzollern" number of "hurrahs." Like his father he also clings to beer as his favorite beverage. He is a lover of the horse, a swimmer, a skater, a tennis player, a pianist, indulges in college pranks and is extremely fond of dancing. This, in brief, conveys a description of the German crown prince. I saw the crown prince a few days ago, riding along with his royal father in the Tiergarten. The two were well in advance of the suite, in which also rode the crown prince's younger brother, Prince Wilhelm, a cheerful, happy-looking lad, who makes a good soldierly presence, despite his youth.

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architecture and a minimum of drapery, for the abbey itself as it stands here is a splendor than any decorations could give it, so no hangings are to be employed except to conceal some of the temporary wood erections. And yet yellow and blue velvet will be the fabric used to the exclusion of almost everything else except a few rare Indian ruins. There seem to be galleries of almost everything else except a few rare Indian ruins. There seem to be galleries of almost everything else except a few rare Indian ruins.

USE OF SCHOOLS.

Proposal to Open Them on Sunday.

for Neighborhood Benefit.

New York Evening Post.

Fanatical Sabbathism is not open to argument, but there are plenty of people interested in keeping Sunday as a rest day who should feel it a duty to support the plan of opening the schoolhouses on the first day of the week for the instruction and entertainment of the people. Dr. Henry M. Leisner, who may properly be called the father of the free-lecture system developed in this city under the auspices of the Board of Education, recommends that "the schoolhouses be open on Sunday afternoon and people gather in its main hall to listen to an inspiring lecture of a biographical, historical or musical nature. The use of the building for the benefit of the public on Sunday need not be confined to the hour in the afternoon during which such a lecture is heard. There should be no difficulty in finding opportunities for employing the rooms to the advantage of the people in the neighborhood throughout the day, not only for the delivery of lectures—though these might well be provided in the evening, as well as in the afternoon—but also for the giving of simple entertainments and for the gathering of children to play innocent games under suitable supervision. It is hardly short of a crime that the schoolhouses ought to be a meeting place for young and old alike on the rest day, where they might find both pleasure and profit, should be locked against them.

Sabbatarian cranks will, of course, condemn the suggestion of opening the schoolhouses on Sunday—or any other place than the church. But the sensible champions of a Sunday which shall serve as a refreshing rest day must see that they should heartily endorse every such movement as this. The curfew bell of the Sabbath can never be Every attempt in that direction, like the present effort of a Sabbath society in this city to prevent boys from playing ball on Sunday, even when they do not disturb the public peace, only strengthens the popular impulse toward going to the other extreme of "the continental Sunday." The solution of the problem is a judicious compromise, which will recognize, on the one hand, the fact that the masses cannot be forced to go to church for some hours and still at home the remainder of the time, and which will, on the other hand, resist the suggestion of Sunday into a day of either hard work or disturbing sport. Only common sense is necessary to apply sound principles on any question which arises. About the playing of ball by boys, for example—are the conditions in a given case such that it may properly be described as "public sport," which constitutes "a serious interruption of the repose of the community," or is it essentially a private and quiet performance as though the boys were telling stories and laughing at each other? So about the opening of the schoolhouses as places for the gathering of children and adults on Sunday—would such a use of the building as is proposed disturb the quiet of the neighborhood, or would it really make each community a more civilized place in which to live? It is only by such an inquiry to see how it must be answered.

GREEN SALAD GATHERING.

Wild Plants Out of Which the Initiated Make Toothsome Dishes.

Boston Transcript.

The salad gathering who goes countrywards just about this time and returns with a ruined pair of boots from contact with soft pervasive mud, with gloves spoiled by the same token, but bearing a spoil of watercress or other wild salad for which he would pay 10 cents at the market, does not, unless he is mentally unbalanced, think he has saved any money by the transaction. But he does know that he has a lot of fun, has cleared his mind of many cobwebs, and has made a good night's sleep inevitable. He takes of the salad, and as he mixes the salad at dinner, and if he has the sort of audience he likes he knows that his words will be remembered.

Of course the watercress as above referred to is not the salad of the initiated, but wild things that take kindly to oil, pepper, salt and vinegar. There is sorrel, for instance, which needs but little vinegar, and that is what it grows right under the feet of the instant you get outside the city limits. And before that matter, and makes a salad which is both good and interesting when the young and tender leaves of it are used. The French know it and love it, and the French have taken a leaf from their books but for it whenever the weather is half resistant for being out of doors.

The salad gathering who knows of values in wild things never comes home without a twist of mind and a twinkle in his eye. Only the sort that is white, merging into green, as the leaves lengthen, takes the eye, for that is sure to be not too old and worldly for his use. He adds pepper with a careful hand and makes a delicious salad, even as in that prepared from watercress, and that which he uses is white.

Then the collector of wild salads can resist coveting, though they do grow in slippery places. Not all salad appreciators rank the cowslip as among the valuable things, but now and then one who leads him to throw off tradition and make experiments for himself takes it home. He gives the various "dicks" a try, too, usually to his own satisfaction; while chicory gladdens his eyes and makes his mouth water as he gets his first glimpse of it, though it is getting scarce now.

But all is not security and peace for the disciple of wild things. The Kaiser, for too many times he has in his household a cautious and conservative person, as cook or director-in-general, who regards his precious treasures so many "greens" and will have them put into boiling water before they go to the table. However, if he is firm, this person does not treat the specimen twice in the same way.

A little later, though, he can take time to this person some young and very milky weed tops and tell her to do her best at boiling them; for then she will indeed have "greens" that will tell her of the value of a bit of their taste of asparagus to those who are not happy unless they are discovering resemblances. To the real lover of wild things, however, they will taste just themselves; that is, unapproachable.

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Summer Tourists are Well Equipped Here.

A Wonder Sale of Summer Toilet Needs for Resorters.

WASSON'S

Annual June Sale of Undermuslins

THE climax of "white" merchandising is reached with this June event, for now stocks are really complete and perfect. Piles of snowy underwear, with oceans of billowy lace and delicate embroidery wrought by cunning hands into the most bewitching garments. And there's still further saving opportunities for we have gathered all the fine Skirts, Gowns, Drawers, Corset Covers and Chemise that were shown during our sale last month and remarked them for quick closing.

3,000 Pieces Mussed and Soiled Garments Are Repriced At About Half

<p>500 ladies' fine cambric Corset Covers, full and fitted styles, lace and embroidery trimmed. Covers sold at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50. June sale, 75c</p> <p>350 ladies' fine Corset Covers of lace, cambric and nainsook, full fronts and fitted backs, some slightly soiled. Sold at \$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.95 and \$2.75. June sale, 98c</p> <p>150 pairs ladies' fine umbrella Drawers of cambric, nainsook and long cloth, size 10, 11 and 12. Drawers sold at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50. June sale, Monday, \$1.35</p>	<p>600 pairs ladies' umbrella Drawers of cambric, muslin and long cloth, handsomely embroidered or lace trimmed, some slightly soiled. Sold at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.80. June sale, 98c</p> <p>700 ladies' Hubbard and Empire Gowns of long cloth, nainsook and cambric, fine embroidery or lace trimmings. Sold at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.75, \$5.00 and \$6.75. June sale, Monday, 98c</p> <p>Ladies' full umbrellas Skirts of muslin and cambric, handsomely lace or embroidery trimmed, flounce or ruffle skirts. Sold at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$4.75, \$6.00 and \$7.50. June sale, Monday, 98c</p>	<p>Florida Water, 4711, 50c Florida Water, Murrey & Lamman, 50c POWDERS— La Blanche, 25c Pozzoni's, 25c Swansdown, 25c Java Rice, 25c Rogers & Gallet, 25c TALCUM POWDER— Eastman's, 25c Mennen's, 25c Hudnut's, 25c Baby Powder, 50c</p> <p>Graves's Tooth Powder, 11c Lyons's Tooth Powder, 15c Hudnut's Tooth Powder, 15c</p> <p>SOAPS— Rogers & Gallet Soap, 25c Cashmere Bouquet, 24c Armour's Carnation, 10c 25c; cake soap, 10c Cuticura Soap, 15c Woodbury's Soap, 11c</p>
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Specially Priced Toilet Needs For Summer Tourists

Think over and note all of the numberless little comforts and luxuries that have come to be indispensable to summer comfort. When you are away at seaside, mountain or lake you cannot get them. Make out your list and take advantage of these temporarily low prices and equip yourselves at small expense. There's not a worthy toilet necessity or luxury lacking.

TOILET WATERS—ALL	Witch Hazel, 6 ounce, 8c	Florida Water, 4711, 50c	Pinaud's Quinine Tonic, small size, 35c	Graves's Tooth Powder, 11c
ODORS—Violet, Carnation, Crushed Rose, Crab Apple Blossom, Cashmere Bouquet, Caprice Lilac, June Rose, Incarnate, etc.	Violet Ammonia, 8 ounce, 10c Bay Rum, 35c and 50c	Florida Water, Murrey & Lamman, 50c	Pinaud's Quinine Tonic, large size, 75c	Lyons's Tooth Powder, 15c
Colgate's, small size, 50c	COLOGNE— Caswell, Massey & Co., \$1.00 Jean Marie Parfums, \$2.75, 50c and 75c	POWDERS— La Blanche, 25c Pozzoni's, 25c Swansdown, 25c Java Rice, 25c Rogers & Gallet, 25c TALCUM POWDER— Eastman's, 25c Mennen's, 25c Hudnut's, 25c Baby Powder, 50c	Hay's Hair Health, 35c Coke's Dandruff Cure, 50c Listerine, small size, 20c Listerine, large size, 70c Socodan's, small size, 20c Socodan's, large size, 60c Rufibrom, 21c	Hudnut's Tooth Powder, 15c
Colgate's, large size, 75c	CREAMS— Espy's, 25c Eastman's, 25c Malvina, 25c Satin Skin, 25c Cream of Cocoa, 25c Woodbury's, 11c Hinds's Honey, 35c			

White Fabrics

The most remarkable season ever known for white fabrics, with a most astonishing scarcity, you'll welcome this rare stock with interest, for here are all of the newest ideas:

Dainty striped Dimity in cord and lace striped, 18c quality, at 12½c	190 pieces fine dotted and figured Swiss, an importer's surplus stock, at just one-third under value. 30c values go at 25c. 60c values go at 35c.	Ladies' new short sleeve wide shoulder Shirtwaist of fine India linen, hemstitched and embroidery inserting, back front and sleeves; Monday, \$2.00
Beautiful Leno and cord striped Lawns, regular 25c kind, at 19c	60c embroidered Silk Organdy, 49c	400 styles of Ladies' white Waists of India Linen, Irish Linen and Mercerized Butchers' Linen, Gibson and tailor-made styles, at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00 and \$7.50
SPECIAL—Regular 40c heavy English welt P. K. for Monday, at 20c	Fine imported French Organdy, 32 inches wide, a yd., 19c	Ladies' fine wash Silk Waists, white Chiffon yoke trimmed with fine tucks and hemstitching, cuffs and collars tuck trimmed, our \$7.50 Waist; Monday, \$5.00
	50c quality French Lawn, 45 inches wide; for Monday, 35c	57 Ladies' fine Taffeta Silk Waists, new light colors and white, hemstitched and tuck trimmed, new stock collars and cuffs, our \$5.00 and \$7.50 Waists; Monday, \$3.98

Millinery Reduced

We have selected a number of our finest patterns, including a pink Virot at \$35, a bronze braid Caroline Rebous at \$30, a very pretty Virot of white Chrysanthemum braid at \$24, etc.; all to-morrow at **\$15.00**

A large case of Hats to-morrow that were trimmed to sell at \$7, \$8 and \$10; choice, **\$5.00**

Finest Street Hats and Outing Hats, bought to sell for \$5, \$6, \$7, \$9; to-morrow **\$3.75**